byes as if they were hoping to store p honey enough to sustain their earts for a three years' fast. And the porter was studying them with perplexity.

He was used, however, to waking people out of dreamland, and he began to fear that if he were discovered spying on the lovers, he might suffer. So he coughed discreetly three or four times.

Since the increasing racket of the train made no effect on the two hearts beating as one, the small matter of a cough was as nothing.

Finally the porter was compelled to reach forward and tap Mallory's arm. and stutter:

"'Scuse me, but co-could I git b-by?" The embrace was untied, and the lovers stared at him with a dazed. where-am-I? look. Marjorie was the first to realize what awakened them. She felt called upon to say something, so she said, as carelessly as if she had not just emerged from a young gentleman's arms:

"Oh, porter, how long before the train starts?"

"Train's done started, Missy." This simple statement struck the rool from her eyes and the cotton from her ears, and she was wide enough awake when she cried: "Oh, stop It-stop It!"

"That's mo'n I can do, Missy," the orter expostulated.

Then I'll jump off," Marjorie vowed, making a dash for the door. But the porter filled the narrow ath, and waved her back.

"Vestibule's done locked uptrain's going lickety-split." Feeling that he had safely checkmated any rashness, the porter squeezed past the dumbfounded pair, and went to change his blue blouse for the white coat of his chambermaidenly duties. Mallory's first wondering thought was a rapturous feeling that circumstances had forced his dream into a reality. He thrilled with triumph: You've got to go with me now."

"Yes-I've got to go," Marjorie assented meekly; "then, sublimely, "It's

They clutched each other again in a flercely blissful hug. Marjorle came back to earth with a bump: "Are you really sure there's a minister on

"Pretty sure," said Mallory, sober-

"But you said you were sure?" "Well, when you say you're sure, that means you're not quite sure." It was not an entirely satisfactory

justification, and Marjorle began to quake with alarm: "Suppose there shouldn't be?" "Oh, then," Mallory answered care-

sealy "there's bound to be one to Marjorie realized at once the enor-

mous abyes between then and the morrow, and she gasped: "Tomorrow! Ch. 171 Jump out of the window."

Mallory could prevent that, but when she pleaded, "What shall we he had no solution to offer. Again it was she who received the

"I have it," she beamed.

"Yes, Marjorie?" he assented, du-"We'll pretend not to be married at

He seized the rescuing ladder: Not married-just

friends." "Till we can get married-" "Yes, and then we can stop being

"My love my friend!" They embraced in a most unfriendly manner. An impatient yelp from the neglected dog-basket awoke them. "Oh, Lord, we've brought Snoozle-

"Of course we have." She took the dog from the prison, tucked him under her arm, and tried to compose her bridal face into a merely friendly countenance before they entered the car. But she must pause for one more kiss, one more of those bitter-sweet good-byes. And Mallory was nothing

Hudson and Shaw were still glumly perplexed, when the porter returned in his white jacket.

"I bet they missed the train; all this work for nothing," Hudson grumbled. But Shaw, seeing the porter, caught a gleam of hope, and asked anxiously:

"Say, porter, have you seen any. first relief from the ordeal. thing anywhere that looks like a freshly married pair?"

"Well," and the porter rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand as he chuckled, "well, they's a mighty lovin' couple out theah in the corridor." "That's them-they-it!"

Instantly everything was alive and in action. It was as if a bugle had

shrilled in a dejected camp. "Get ready!" Shaw commanded. "Here's rice for everybody."

"Everybody take an old shoe," said Hudson. "You can't miss in this nar-

"There's a kasoo for everyone, too," said Shaw, as the outstretched hands were equipped with wedding ammunition. "Do you know the 'Wedding March'?"

"I ought to by the that," said Mrs.

Right into the taugle of preparation, old Ira Lathrop stalked, on his way back to his seat to get more

"Have some rice for the bridal couple?" said Ashton, offering him of his own double-handful.

with a romance-hater's growl. "Watch out for your head, then," cried Hudson, and Lathrop ducked but unlabelled baggage.

ahu & clip abaft the ear, and the old number one, had created such commowoman-hater dropped raging into the tion, and departed in such confusion, same berth where the spinster, Anne | that there had been no opportunity to Gattle, was trying to dodge the same proclaim that he and Marjorie were downpour.

Still there was enough of the and prepared for nothing on earth less than for a wedding charivari.

Mallory should have done better than to entrust his plans to fellows like Hudson and Shaw, whom he had known at West Point for diabolically joyous hazers and practical jokers. Even as he sputtered rice and winced from the impact of flying footgear, he was cursing himself as a doubledyed idiot for asking such men to engage his berth for him. He had a sudden instinct that they had doubtless bedecked his trunk and Marjorie's with white satin furbelows and ludicrous labels. But he could not shelter himself from the white sleet and the black thumps. He could hardly shelter Marjorie, who cowered behind him and shricked even louder than the romping tormentors.

When the assailants had exhausted the rice and shoes, they charged down the aisle for the privilege of kissing the bride. Mallory was dragged and bunted and shunted here and there, and he had to fight his way back to Marjorie with might and main. He was tugging and striking like a demon. and yelling, "Stop it! stop it!"

Hudson took his punishment with uproarious good nature, laughing:

"Oh, shut up, or we'll kiss you!" But Shaw was scrubbing his wry lips with a seasick wail of:

"Wow! I think I kissed the dog." There was, of necessity, some pause for breath, and the combatants draped themselves limply about the seats. Mallory glared at the twin Benedict Arnolds and demanded:

"Are you two thugs going to San Francisco with me?"

"Don't worry," smiled Hudson, we're only going as far as Kedzie avenue, just to start the honeymoon properly."

If either of the elopers had been calmer, the solution of the problem would have been simple. Marjorie could get off at this suburban station and drive home from there. But their wits were like pied type, and they were further jumbled, when Shaw broke in with a sudden: "Come, see the little dove-cote we fixed for you."

Before they knew it, they were both haled along the arsle to the white satin atrocity. "Love in a bungalow," said Hudson. "Sit down-make yourselves perfectly at home."

"No-never-oh, oh, oh!" cried Marjorie, darting away and throwing herself into the first empty seat-lra we may see Uncole Sam's mail car-Lathrop's berth. Mallory followed to console her with caresses and murmurs of, "There's there, don't cry,

Hudson and Shaw followed close with mawkish mockery: "Don't cry,

And now Mrs. Temple intervened. She had enjoyed the initiation ceremony as well as anyone. But when failed." Excellent for coughs, colds the little bride began to cry, she remembered the pitiful terror and shy shame she had undergone as a girlwife, and she hastened to Marjorie's side, brushing the men away like

"You poor thing," she comforted. "Come, my child, lean on me, and nave a good cry."

Hudson grinned, and put out his own arms: "She can lean on me, if

she'd rather.' Mrs. Temple glanced up with indignant rebuke: "Her mother is far away, and she wants a mother's breast to weep on. Here's mine, my dear."

The impudent Shaw tapped his own military chest: "She can use mine." Infuriated at this bride-baiting, Mallory rose and confronted the two imps with clenched fists: "You're a

pretty pair of friends, you are!" The imperturable Shaw put out a pair of tickets as his only defense: "Here are your tickets, old boy." And Hudson roared jovially: "We tried to get you a stateroom, but it

was gone." "And here are your baggage checks." laughed Shaw, forcing into his fists a few pasteboards. "We got your trunks with all my heart, for making such on the train ahead, all right. Don't mention it-you're entirely welcome." It was the porter that brought the

"If you gemmen is gettin' off at Kedzie avenue, you'd better step smart. We'm slowin' up now."

Marjorie as sobbing too audibly to hear, and Mallory swearing too inaudibly to heed the opportunity Kedzie evenus offered. And Hudson was yelling: "Well, good-bye, old boy and old girl. Sorry we can't go all the way." He had the effrontery to try to kiss the bride good-bye, and Shaw was equally bold, but Mallory's fury enabled him to beat them off. He elbowed and shouldered them down the aisle, and sent after them one of his own shoes. But it just missed Shaw's flying coattails.

Mallory stood glaring after the departing traitors. He was glad that they at least were gone, till he realized with a sickening slump in his vitals, that they had not taken with them his awful dilemma. And now

the train was once more elicketyclicking into the night and the west,

CHAPTER X.

Excess Baggage. Never was a young soldier so will make an ideal gift for graduate. stumped by a problem in tactics as | Our optical parlor is fitted up com-Lieutenant Harry Mallory, safely plete; we do all our own lense g But Lathrop brushed him aside aboard his train, and not daring to ing. Graduate optician in charge leave it, yet hopelessly unaware of how he was to dispose of his lovely

just too late to escape a neck-filling. Hudson and Shaw had erected a hair-filling shower. An old shoe took white satin temple to Hymen in berth

"not married-just friends."

And now the passengers had acshrapnel left to overwhelm the two cepted them as that enormous fund of young "friends," who marched into amusement to any train, a newly wedthe aisle, trying to look indifferent | ded pair. To explain the mistake would have been difficult, even among perhaps a wiser and a colder brain than Harry Mallory's could have stood there and delivered a brief oration restoring truth to her pedestal. But Mallory was in no condition for such a stoic delivery.

He mopped his brow in agony, lost in a blizzard of bewilderment. He Bradfard, J. F. Jenkins, H. T. Edens, drifted back toward Marjorie, half to protect and half for companionship. He found Mrs. Temple cuddling her close and mothering her as if she were a baby instead of a bride.

"Did the poor child run away and get married?"

Marjorie's frantic "Boo-hoo-hoo" might have meant anything. Mrs. Temple took it for assent, and murmured with glowing reminiscence: "Just the way Doctor Temple and I

She could not see the leaping flash of wild hope that lighted up Mallory's face. She only heard his voice across her shoulder:

"Doctor? Doctor Temple? Is your husband a reverend doctor?' "A reverend doctor?" the little old

lady repeated weakly. "Yes-a-a preacher?" The poor old congregation-weary

soul was abruptly confronted with the ruination of all the delight in her little escapade with her pulpit-fagged husband. If she had ever dreamed that the girl who was weeping in her arms was weeping from any other fright than the usual fright of young brides, fresh from the preacher's benediction, she would have cast every other consideration aside, and told

But her husband's last behest before he left her had been to keep their precious pretend-secret. She felt-just then-that a woman's first duty is to obey her husband. Besides, what business was it of this young husband's what her old husband's business was? Before she had fairly begun to debate her duty, almost automatically, with the instantaneous instinct of self-protection, her lips had uttered the denial:

"Oh-he's-just a-plain doctor. There he is now."

(10 BE CONTINUED)

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The handsome new building of the New York Bakery on East Hampton avenue was completed Saturday and will probably be occupied in the next few days by the bakery. In this building is installed one of the best and most complete modern ovens which has ever been seen in this section of the State.

What Makes a Woman? One hundred and twenty pounds, more or less, of bone and muscle don't make a woman. Its a good foundation. Put into it health and strength and she may rule a king-

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us fit and adjust your glasses.

W. A. Thompson

JEWELER AND OPTICIA:

Condemnation Jury Drawn.

This morning in the county clerk's office a jury was drawn in the condemnation proceedings against Mr. J. N. Phillips, Condemnation proceedings were taken out some time ago and the hearing will take place on the 12th of July before the friends. But among strangers-well, jury which was drawn today. The proceedings were taken out for right of way of the Carolina Western Railroad through Mr. Phillips' place on the northern edge of the city. Those on the jury are:

> W. S. Reames, W. R. DuBose, J. W. Singleton Bradford, J. M. Brogdon T. H. Clarke, S. A. Harvin, Willie Shaw, A. C. Thompson, W. E. Segars.

> > Insect Bite Costs Leg.

A Boston man lost his leg from the bite of an insect two years before. To avert such calamities from stings and bites of insects use Bucklen's Arnica Salve promptly to kill the poison and prevent inflamation, swelling and pain. Heals burns. boils, ulcers, piles, eczema, cuts, bruises. Only 25 cents at Sibert's Drug Store.

At a meeting of the committee on Friday it was decided to have the W. D. W. pienic at Cain's Mill on July 24th. All of the Woodman and their families will be present and a big time is expected.

Dysentery is always serious and ofen a dangerous disease, but it can e cured. Chamberlain's Colic. Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has cured it even when malignant and epidemic. For sale by all dealers.

Every day and night now many ritizens interested in the political sitnation hang around Sibert's Drug Store waiting for the latest bulletins from the National Convention at Baltimore. The bulletins are always received with interest.

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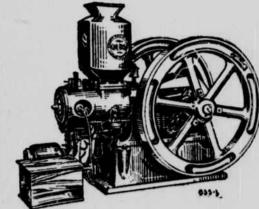
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(4) New Hotel of one hundred rooms being erected. Six new Stores going up on Main treet.

(6) Handsome new buildings being erected by Methodist and Jewish congregations. (7) Several handsome Brick Residences being erected, in addition to a

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